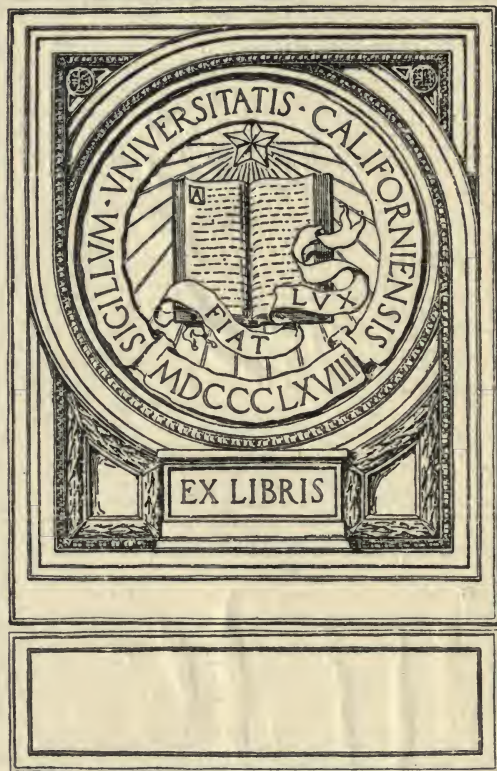


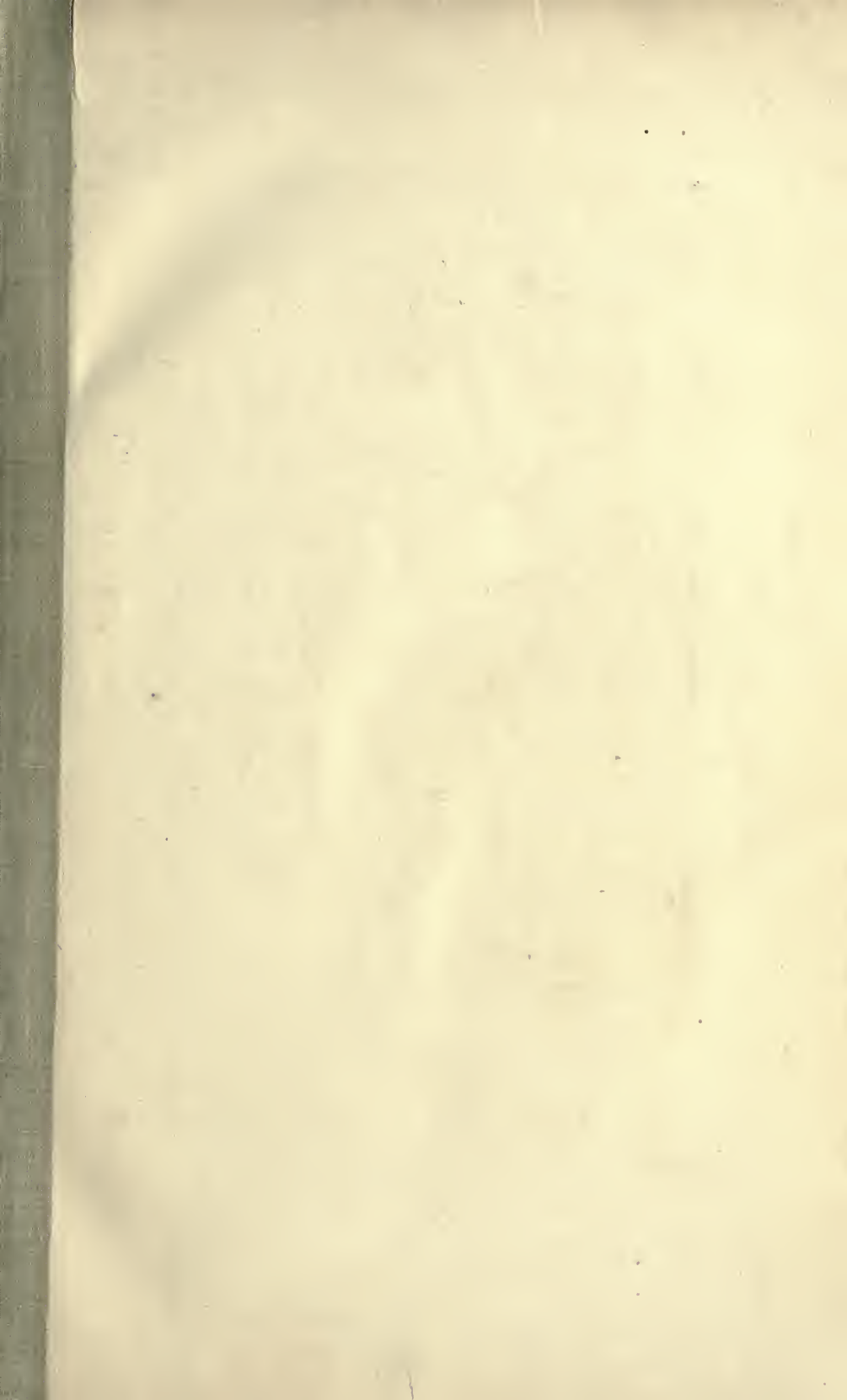
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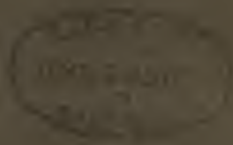


THE QUARTERLY  
PUBLICATION OF  
THE HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL  
SOCIETY OF OHIO

CINCINNATI OHIO



Vol. VII, 1912, No. 1  
JANUARY-MARCH





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Quarterly Publication of the His-  
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JOURNAL OF MISS SUSAN WALKER

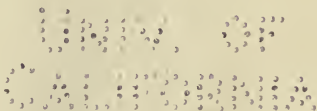
March 3d to June 6th, 1862

Edited

*By*

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CINCINNATI, OHIO  
PRESS OF JENNINGS AND GRAHAM



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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The Journal of Miss Susan Walker, published in this issue of the *Quarterly*, covers only a few weeks of the many years she devoted to charitable work, and was, undoubtedly, merely a memorandum of daily proceedings for personal use during her stay at Port Royal. However, it holds much of interest to the reader as it furnishes an insight into the daily routine life of the women who engaged in the "Port Royal Experiment," and exhibits her views of the surrounding conditions and the effort made by the Government to provide for the deserted slaves in that locality, and preserve the uncared for cotton growing in the fields. The original manuscript journal was given to the Society by Mrs. Maria (Walker) Bartholow, a niece of Miss Walker, and the widow of the distinguished physician, Dr. Roberts Bartholow, formerly of Cincinnati, later of Philadelphia. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Miss Ann Walker of this city are also nieces, and Dr. E. W. Walker is a nephew.

The following article was published December, 1887, in the Lowell, Mass., Courier:

### "A Remarkable Woman.

The Useful Career of Miss Susan Walker—Her Work for the Freedmen.

The death of Miss Susan Walker, which occurred in Washington, D. C., on the 13th inst., has removed from earth a lady who, through her somewhat remarkable career of life, her interest and activity in the political and educational questions which were prominent in the country's agitation a quarter of a century ago, has attached her name and fame [sic], and rendered herself in no small degree conspicuous for her many eminent traits of character and brilliant successes in the line of duty which she early marked out to pursue.

Miss Walker was born in Wilmington, Mass., February 14, 1811, and was the daughter of Benjamin and Susannah Walker of that town. She was a sister of the late Benjamin Walker, one of the early settlers of the city of Lowell, and active in both its city and town affairs, being for several years a selectman and also a member of the first board of aldermen when Lowell became a city.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune pays the following tribute to Miss Walker's memory: Miss Susan Walker is dead,

TO VIEW  
ABSTRACTED

and yesterday she was buried with something of civic honors. She was so celebrated as philanthropist, politician, mathematician, and "strong-minded" woman in the best sense of that somewhat overworked phrase, that her friends in the Unitarian church were joined by pall-bearers assigned from the different departments—S. I. Kimball, superintendent of the life-saving service; A. B. Johnson, chief clerk of the lighthouse board; Dr. C. A. White, chief paleontologist of the Smithsonian institute, and Prof. Henry Garnett, head of the topographical corps of the geological survey. Her life was a romance and her death a tragedy. A highly-educated young woman from Massachusetts, a fervent abolitionist, and of a highly respectable family, she early made the acquaintance of public men and became known as an influential partisan, and an associate of Sumner, Andrew, Phillips, Garrison, and Greeley. In 1858 in Paris, she occupied the first floor of a hotel where Senator Sumner in the *entresol* was undergoing the terrible treatment of *moxa* for the injuries received from Preston L. Brooks, and she made herself his constant and useful companion. At the beginning of the war she came to this city, and subsequently established what is now known as "Brewster Cottage," in the Le Droit suburb, although originally a colored female industrial school, which was under Miss Walker's charge, averaging not less than 70 pupils. Here also many important conferences were held in relation to the policy of caring for and educating freed women.

Miss Walker was, for years, employed by the coast survey office, then under charge of her brother, Sears Cook Walker, as a mathematical expert, making computations of an elaborate and difficult character. . . .

During the war Miss Walker was well known as a leader in the care of soldiers and the education of the freedmen. Several of the measures providing for the latter owe their success directly to her. Sumner, Seward, Chase, Wade, Stanton, Hale, Lovejoy and Colfax were among her chief advisers and with whom she held frequent consultations. . . . Another brother was Judge Timothy Walker of Cincinnati, an eminent lawyer and author of "Walker's Introduction to American Law." . . . She was a woman of somewhat masculine appearance, with a large frame, dominated by a powerful intellect, and unusually quick sympathies."

It was a proud day in the career of Flag-Officer Du Pont when, on November 7, 1861, Fort Walker on Hilton Head Island, off the coast of South Carolina, was captured by the Union fleet. Nine days previously he had boldly sailed out of the Chesapeake with his fifty ships besides transports carrying 1500 troops under the command of General Thomas W. Sherman. This land and naval force was directed to make a joint attack on Port Royal, South Carolina, a point midway between Charleston and Savannah and controlling the railroad which joined them. Obedience to this order explains the surrender of Fort Walker. The Confederate Brigadier-General Thomas F. Drayton had to



contend alone with the naval force; co-operation was rendered impossible since the greater part of the means of disembarkment had been lost *en route*; moreover, the transports had anchored five or six miles from a suitable place for embarkation.<sup>1</sup> In the battle the Flag-Officer conducted himself with consummate skill and bravery, and was highly complimented by General Sherman who from the disadvantage of his position was compelled to be a mere spectator. The reduction of the fort was immediately followed by the evacuation of the neighboring points by the inhabitants who fled from the main land, leaving Hilton Head, the adjoining islands, and adjacent coast for the victorious force to occupy. General Sherman was in charge of the army of occupation in this region which is known in the language of contemporary writers as Port Royal. The Union forces now held one of the best harbors along the south Atlantic and used it as a base from which coast and inland operations were conducted.

Of the points which fell into the hands of the Union forces at this time, Beaufort, at the head of the sound, was the most conspicuous. Here were the homes of some of the first families of the south, the Barnards, the Haywards, Rhett, Stuarts and others. A contemporary described them as looking "with a supercilious disdain upon every useful employment save only the planting of cotton. Nowhere on this continent is family hauteur and pride carried to such extremes as here. Nothing in our largest cities can equal the display of carriages and equipages with the servants in livery which may be seen here on a pleasant afternoon, when the mothers and daughters of these cotton lords take their accustomed airing."<sup>2</sup> The fortunes of war changed all this, and the lordly planters of the lovely town with its flower gardens, orange trees, and tranquil homes withdrew, leaving only the negro population behind. Aside from the exportation of the cotton crop there had been little business; local exchange was confined chiefly to the negroes who brought their vegetables and chickens to the Jewish merchants.

The abandoned slaves remained upon their respective plantations, each family living, happy and dirty, in a little cabin 16 x 24, often without a partition. On the Sabbath day they

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<sup>1</sup> *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, Ser. I, vol. VI, 3, 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Boston Journal*, 24 Feb., 1862.



gathered around the family table for hominy, corn bread, and potatoes, but on other days they satisfied their hunger while sitting on floor or bench, separate or together, as it happened.<sup>3</sup> A few slaves had been forced to follow their fleeing masters who occasionally shot down those who refused; all had been warned that the Union troops would send them to Cuba. This caused the abandoned slaves to view with suspicion the soldiers stationed at the forts, and they avoided them at first, remaining closely upon the plantations until the falsity of the warning became manifest. Their first evidence perhaps was the reception on the Wabash of General Drayton's two hundred servants, who, the moment he took to his horse in the panic of the seventh, went directly to this ship. This reception convinced them that the Federal army was friendly and with the failing of subsistence on the plantations, accelerated by the foraging of the soldiers, they began to trudge into the Union lines. The women, children and the decrepit came first—of 150 first arrivals only 60 were able bodied. In a few months however, at the lowest estimate<sup>4</sup> 9000, comprising all classes, were within the Union quarters, a number not surprising in view of the fact that the proportion of whites to blacks, 1 to 5, in this region was only surpassed by seven counties in the United States. How to care for this poor, ignorant population, incapable of self-direction and deprived of its constitutional guardians was a problem for the government at Washington.

Another problem which demanded governmental solution was the abandoned cotton crop. When the planters fled they left a great amount of cotton, some of which was not yet picked. This was the region of the famous South Sea Island cotton which flourished within the influence of the soft and elastic atmosphere of the Gulf stream. It seldom yielded over 200 pounds to the acre but commanded a high price. It was marketed mainly in France where it was manufactured into choice laces and fancy silks, especially the cheaper weaves intended for the American market.<sup>5</sup> The loss of the crop meant a heavy sacrifice for the planters, and General Sherman in his proclamation, inviting the dispersed inhabitants to return to their plantations as loyal United

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<sup>3</sup> *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 24 Feb., 1862.

<sup>4</sup> The highest estimate was 25 to 30,000. *Cong. Globe*, 37th Cong., 2nd ses., pt. I, 960.

<sup>5</sup> *Boston Journal*, 14 Nov., 1861.

States citizens, pointed out the destruction of the cotton and the deterioration of their property. Scarcely a planter took advantage of the invitation; some to prevent the cotton from falling into the hands of the Federals ordered it burned. If the valuable<sup>6</sup> cotton crop was to be saved, the government at Washington must save it. Late in November, therefore, the Adjutant General ordered the seizure of all cotton and any other property that could be used to the prejudice of the Union forces.<sup>7</sup> Paid negro labor was to pick, collect, and pack the cotton preparatory to its shipment in transports to the Quartermaster in New York where it was sold on the public account. In the execution of this order General Sherman appointed Wm. H. Nobles agent of the United States to collect and store cotton found in the deserted section of South Carolina, who received six per cent on the market value of the cotton stored. Nobles, and his assistant, James Adrian Suydam, had by Christmas sent away cotton to the value of \$30,000; the work was well organized and so perfectly in operation that Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton said, upon the arrival of Edward L. Pierce, the agent of the Treasury Department, "he will have little to do but take the credit of collecting a couple of million dollars' worth of cotton."<sup>8</sup> Of the cotton already picked and stored before the arrival of Du Pont's fleet, Pierce thought there were 2,500,000 pounds, an estimate which indicates that the crop was unusually large.<sup>9</sup>

In the treatment of the phenomenal situation of Port Royal three agencies co-operated, the War Department, the Treasury Department, and the public. It was the occasion too, of a Congressional measure providing for the occupation and cultivation of cotton and other lands in the possession of the United States lying along the southern coast. This measure which passed the Senate but failed of passage in the House directed the President to appoint for one year a Board of three persons to take charge of all property committed to it by the military authorities. This Board was to have power to work the plantations under the

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<sup>6</sup> Petitioners to the Senate estimated that unless measures were taken, \$1,000,000 would be lost in S. Car. *Cong. Globe*, 37th Cong., 2nd ses., pt. II, 1113.

<sup>7</sup> *Official Records*, Ser. I, vol. VI, 192.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid*, 208.

<sup>9</sup> Pierce to Chase, *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 24 Feb., 1862.

direction of superintendents or lease them to responsible parties; to supply the needs of indigent persons and put the able bodied to work for wages, and establish hospitals for general use.

While this proposed measure was before the Senate, General Sherman gave orders covering the pressing necessities of "the totally uneducated, ignorant and improvident blacks." He divided the region into districts over which was a supervisor with instructions "to superintend the management of the plantations; to enroll and organize the willing blacks into working parties; to see that they are well fed, clad, and paid a proper remuneration for their labor; to perform all other administrative acts . . . required by the government."<sup>10</sup> This plan was not to interfere with existing orders respecting the employment of contrabands and the collection of cotton. The situation was described by Sherman, in closing his order, as follows: "All the blacks are now in great need of suitable clothing, if not other necessities of life, which necessity will probably continue and even increase while the above system gets into working order, and the benevolent and philanthropic of the land are most earnestly appealed to for assistance in relieving their immediate wants. Never was there a nobler or more fitting opportunity for the operation of that considerate and practical benevolence for which the northern people have been ever distinguished."

The Treasury Department sent to Port Royal as its special agent Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Massachusetts, a friend of Chase and a New England abolitionist. He was to aid in the supervision of plantations and laborers, and was instructed "to prevent the deterioration of estates, secure their best possible cultivation under the circumstances and promote the welfare of the laborers."<sup>11</sup> The Secretary of the Department, Salmon P. Chase, based his authority for this on the act of Congress of July 13, 1861, by which the President was authorized to permit commercial intercourse with any part of the country declared to be in a state of insurrection, and under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury who was authorized to appoint officers needed to carry into effect such permits, rules, and regulations. Secretary Chase considered it essential to this commercial intercourse that the abandoned estates

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<sup>10</sup> *Official Records*, Ser. I, vol. VI, 222, 223.

<sup>11</sup> *Official Records*, Ser. III, vol. II, 54, 55.



be cultivated and their laborers employed. He wrote Mr. Pierce: "the persons who have been abandoned by their masters, and who are received into the services of the country can never, without great inhumanity on the part of the government be reduced again to slavery. You will, therefore, in what you do, have reference to fitting them for self-support by their own industry hereafter."<sup>12</sup>

The publication of Sherman's order, the debate in the Senate, and the press notices of the situation at Port Royal aroused public feeling, which took expression in the organization of societies to aid in the work already begun by the government, and to extend it in an educational way. In this latter undertaking Secretary Chase was deeply interested and gave his official sanction to the work of the societies. Mr. Pierce wrote that "Chase has done everything. If the enterprise fails not upon him rests the responsibility . . . wish he could be everywhere."<sup>13</sup> The Educational Commission of Boston, afterward the New England Freedmen Aid Society, was organized February 7, 1862, with Governor John A. Andrew, president. Its purpose was to send individuals to oversee the black laborers, "seeking to lead them to form habits of cheerful, voluntary labor in place of the constrained toil of slavery;"<sup>14</sup> to interest them in lessons of honesty and frugality; teach them to read and write; in short, "the industrial, social, intellectual, moral, religious improvement of persons released from slavery in the course of the war for the Union."<sup>15</sup> Similar organizations were formed, some simultaneously with the Educational Commissions, others soon after. New York called its organization the National Freedman's Relief Association; Philadelphia had the Port Royal Relief Commission; and, there were organizations formed in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis subsequently.

These societies in a very short time jointly sent \$10,000 in cash for the relief of the needy at Port Royal, \$10,000 in clothing, bacon, fish, molasses, salt, etc., besides instructors to teach them in the rudiments of learning. Eight schools were in operation by May<sup>16</sup> 8, and religious services were held every Sunday. This

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<sup>12</sup> *Hart's Chase*, 259.

<sup>13</sup> Pierce to Miss Walker, 26 Feb., 1862, in the Society's collections.

<sup>14</sup> Pamphlet of the Educational Commission, Boston, 1862.

<sup>15</sup> From the constitution of the Educational Commission.

<sup>16</sup> *The New York Daily Tribune*, 17 June, 1862.

was quite a supplement to the aid of the government, which contributed mules, \$20,000 in seeds and implements, and wages at the rate of one dollar per acre of cotton planted. Other societies were organized but denominational in character. The Friends took the lead, then the United Presbyterians and others. Today the American Missionary Association (organized in 1865 by the Congregational churches), and the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church (formed in 1866) exist,<sup>17</sup> and exercise a potent influence in the industrial education and religious uplift of the American negro.

I wish to acknowledge the efficient assistance of Miss Hamlin, the Society's Librarian, in the preparation of this material for publication.

H. N. S.

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<sup>17</sup> Rept. of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church, Cincinnati, 1868, 5-7.



## JOURNAL OF MISS SUSAN WALKER

March 3d to June 6th, 1862

March 3d 1862 at 11 o'clock A. M. left Canal St. wharf in N[ew] Y[ork] in Steamship Atlantic—Capt[ain] Eldridge—for Port Royal.

The previous day—Sunday—it was necessary to see the Collector, Mr. Barney,<sup>18</sup> and secure a *pass*. He appointed 7 o'clock in the evening to receive all who were approved by U[nited] S[tates] Government and Boston and New York associations as suitable persons to go to Port Royal to look after the freed men and women there.

We were 52<sup>19</sup> in all—only 12 ladies under charge of Rev. Mansfield French.<sup>20</sup> The others were gentlemen selected by E. L. Pierce<sup>21</sup> who also accompanied us as special Gov[ernment] Agent.

We all took a solemn oath of allegiance to U. S. Government and then received each a *pass*. This has been no easy matter to accomplish. My whole Sunday had to be given to it. Secretary [Salmon P.] Chase had given me a pass, but as he had entrusted the whole matter to Mr. Barney it was necessary for the latter to give a pass also.

Government furnished us passage and subsistence from the time of leaving N[ew] Y[ork] to return there.

The Atlantic is never used only as a Gov[ernment] Transport and is without the usual conveniences to be found on a passenger steamer. The passage was rough and stormy and few escaped sea sickness. All who were able, of course, wished to be on deck but had no awning or seats. We sat upon the floor and the gentlemen kindly lent us rubber blankets to keep off the

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<sup>18</sup> Hiram Barney, Collector of the port of New York.

<sup>19</sup> In Miss Walker's list there are 53 names.

<sup>20</sup> Rev. French was the leading spirit in the formation of the N. Y. Association, a member of its Foreign Committee, and head of its Port Royal delegation.

<sup>21</sup> Edward L. Pierce served three months at Fortress Monroe, where in 1861 he was placed in charge of the contrabands. He was a native of Milton, Mass. *Warden's Chase*, 396n.

rain. There was general harmony of spirit, though sometimes a nice ear might have detected a discordant strain in the sacred songs and hymns that were continually sung by our friends.

This psalm-singing reminded me of the old Scotch Covenanters of other days, or the pilgrim bands I so often met in the old world as they were "marching on" to the music of sacred songs I could hear long before the singers came in sight, winding their onward way up to some holy shrine upon the mountain top.

We too were pilgrims, bound to a different *form* only of worship. "Work is worship" and I trust one spirit animates our band—one desire to lift up into the glorious light of freedom the oppressed and benighted ones, thrown by this wicked rebellion, so entirely upon their own feeble resources and our humanity. We all feel a deep responsibility and I hope for strength to meet it at any sacrifice.

March 9th, Sunday morning, have arrived at Beauford.<sup>22</sup> We left Hilton Head<sup>23</sup> yesterday at 3 P. M. in the Cosmopolitan, a small transport drawing less water than the Atlantic and able to navigate Broad and Beauford rivers. In half an hour we were aground and I thought of the hours I have passed on sand-bars in the Ohio. We undertook to draw a schooner up with us and both stuck in the sand till 10 o'clock, when we escaped and gladly left the schooner to await the tide. Some gentlemen went on shore in a small boat and gathered the peach and orange flowers, honeysuckle and branches of the Palmetto, which they brought us as first offerings from secessia. Mr. Hooper<sup>24</sup> brought some of the "sacred soil" which he sent home in a letter.

Our arrival in Beauford was greeted by no joyous welcome, no preparations awaited us. The houses, promised to Mr. French,<sup>25</sup> had been appropriated. The "elegant furniture" promised us could not be found. It seemed a general *appropriation act* had passed since Mr. French left Beauford and *nothing* was ready for us.

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<sup>22</sup> Beaufort, on Port Royal sound, S. Car. Miss Walker spells it Beauford invariably.

<sup>23</sup> There is a map of Port Royal harbor and adjacent islands in Elizabeth Ware Pearson, "Letters from Port Royal."

<sup>24</sup> Edwards W. Hooper of the Educational Commission, and subsequently Treasurer of Harvard College.

<sup>25</sup> French had previously spent some weeks at Beaufort.

Rev. Mr. Peck<sup>26</sup> came on board for his daughter<sup>27</sup> and kindly invited me and my charge, Miss Winsor,<sup>28</sup> to his house. Mrs. Johnson<sup>29</sup> and sister went with Mrs. Stevens to the General's<sup>30</sup> quarters—General Stevens had command of Beauford. Mr. & Mrs. French came also to Mr. Peck's. The other ladies went to an unoccupied house near the Arsenal where all our luggage was taken. Not an article of furniture was in the house. It was found that the Cosmopolitan must return to Hilton Head immediately and our luggage must be taken out. Who should do this? Mr. Pierce and a set of noble young men—several of them Harvard graduates, men of taste and culture—students with good common sense and earnestness of purpose that promises success, went to work, coats off; they soon had every thing out of the boat, much to the astonishment of the idle lookers on, white and black. The former not in sympathy with us.

We were in all, at Dr. Peck's, ten. We had plates enough, but knives, forks and spoons would not go round, so we divided—one had knife, another fork. I had only a spoon, but this did very well for our simple repast consisting of tea, fish, and bread and butter. Table cloth and napkins *may* come in the future.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness" so said the good Wesley. I had not taken off my dress or slept the previous night and instead of going to church I asked for a bath. Judy, a nice colored woman, did her best to procure this for me, and in *due time* appeared with basin and ewer filled with water. Before I had commenced my ablutions she came and asked the loan of it "just a minute" for a gentleman—of course she took it, but soon returned and found me pinning a spare towel to one window and my dressing gown to another for screens. With some difficulty I procured a tumbler. Having no wash-stand or table, I used the deep window seat and *luxuriated* as one

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<sup>26</sup> Rev. Solomon Peck of Roxbury, Mass. He established a school for the blacks and was superintendent of sixty-five plantations. *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 24 Feb., 1862.

<sup>27</sup> Miss Lizzie Peck. See p. 18.

<sup>28</sup> Miss Ellen H. Winsor of the Educational Commission. After Miss Walker left Beauford she kept her informed of the progress of the work. Winsor to Walker, 26 June, 1862, in the Society's collections.

<sup>29</sup> Mrs. Walter R. Johnson and Miss Mary A. Donaldson, friends of Miss Walker.

<sup>30</sup> Brigadier-General Isaac I. Stevens, commanding the Second Division.



only can under similar circumstances. The room I shared with Miss Peck and Miss Winsor. It contained *one* bedstead on which was a very thin mattress of straw, which we three occupied (with a variety of creatures or insects), a bureau but no chairs.

A snow-storm greeted our arrival and the cherry trees near my window droop their frost-touched flower clusters. The more hardy orange trees now in flower are shining white with bud and blossom and diffusing sweet odors all around. Gardens, wholly neglected, are rich in flowers. Bouquets are continually brought to us by our friends. Today Mr. Zachos<sup>31</sup> brought me one in which I counted twenty varieties. In the centre sat a gay-plumaged bird—a beautiful creature found dead among the bright flowers. What exquisite roses and rich yellow jassamines, climbing together over wall and trellis! Hedges of Oleander and Japonica interspersed with sweet Honeysuckle! Peach trees in full bloom blush among myrtle and magnolia. Our mantel is filled with flowers set in every variety of vase from the delicate parian to a black bottle with neck broken off to give room for flowers. My last bouquet is in a tin cup.

Inexpressibly sad is the sight of Beauford. I have visited many deserted *palaces* and found them much defaced—windows broken and doors off, locks removed and furniture destroyed or removed. Desolation, fit follower of war, reigns all around. Why could not these people stay and enjoy their magnificent homes and put off the only foe they nursed in these luxurious homes of theirs? The viper turned and stung the bosom that warmed and nourished it—now *where* is this people!

Before the town was taken by our brave troops the inhabitants held a meeting in their largest church and every man had to promise to fly rather than espouse the side of the Union. They shot some of the slaves who refused to go with them.

Tuesday 11th Went with Mr. French escorted by the Provost Marshal<sup>32</sup> in search of a house large enough to accommodate 12 ladies. Twelve women together! This is fearful. We found a splendid house near the water and therefore pronounced healthful. It must be thoroughly cleaned for the “chivalry” look not to *corners* and *cupboards*. They leave this to the poor despised

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<sup>31</sup> Formerly Prof. John C. Zachos of Cincinnati. He was a friend of Chase; chief teacher and superintendent of the Boston Commission. James T. Fisher to Miss Walker, 13 Mar., 1862, in the Society's collections.

<sup>32</sup> Lieut. Belcher.

"mudsie" of the north. Such a kitchen as supplied their luxurious tables would no where else be suffered. Bah! *What* filth—years only could have *so matured* it.

Here we are at last in possession of Hamilton's superb mansion. Wednesday, 12 March. Slept last night at good Dr. Peck's but tonight must occupy the pleasant room assigned me in our new home. Unfurnished, of course, for every house has been stripped of furniture. I have a frame of rough boards to support my narrow straw-stuffed mattress. My table is a packing box, my candle-stick a potato, and a small wooden bench my only seat. I have a single piece of furniture—a *marble-top mahogany wash-stand*, which kind provost Belcher has brought, he says, "expressly for you." I expect to have wash-basin and pitcher *some time*. Having neither pillow case nor sheet, I split open a white peticoat and slipped myself between. Friends have sometimes called me *fastidious*, am I so?

Thursday 13th March. My window east opens upon a little porch with mosaic floor. From this what a glorious sunrise over the river. Rosy Aurora tints sky and water. A magnificently spreading Live Oak fringed with long pendants of grey moss stands between me and the river promising charming shade when summer heat demands out-door breezes. My window north reveals orange trees and negro cabins and a pretty white hen-house made of lattice work and looking like a fanciful summer house. Window south opens upon a broad verandah exposed on two sides to the sea or river rather, but it is an arm of the sea and salt. A dressing room belongs to this room but is not spared for me. I have a fire-place and fire is required night and morning.

Friday 14th. Not yet established. 12 women are too many for one house. Yesterday I was all day assorting old clothes sent from New York for the negroes. Such old shoes and men's clothing filled with dust and dirt! Women's soiled gowns, etc. and *rags* I would not give to a street beggar, have been sent at Government expense, to be *handled* and assorted by ladies! Some new but more old. Could not the large charity of New York furnish new materials? Old is hardly worth offering. Better to give the old at home to such as can mend—comparatively few of the freed-women here can sew. We hope to teach many to do it, but they need the clothing *now*. [An anno-



tation here states "Further acquaintance corrects the statement, nearly all can."]

Our rations consist of bread, beans, tea or coffee, rice, sugar, molasses and salt meat, to which we add some condiments and luxuries brought by Mr. French in small supplies that admonish economy in their use. We have knives and forks, but tea-spoons will not go round. If I am so fortunate as to have a spoon I give my coffee a stir and pass spoon to next neighbor, who repeats so that one spoon serves three persons. Clouds begin to threaten a storm. It is quite evident that perfect harmony will not reign. Mr. French has, by unanimous vote taken the head of our establishment. He is a Methodist Episcopal minister, but ill health required him to abandon the pulpit some three years since, and he left Xenia, Ohio, for New York, where he and his wife conduct a monthly entitled "The Beauty of Holiness." Mr. French is truly religious. He has a kind gentle nature and is filled with earnest desire to do good. He is invariably kind, with heart and spirit all right. His business capacity and executive talent are small compared with his large benevolence and deep religious sentiment. I fear the want of business talent may lead to some difficulties in the organization he purposes—nous verrons. . . .

Saturday March 15th. I have been publicly rebuked for not kneeling during prayer. Why? I went to a "shout." This is a religious rite of the blacks in this region. It consists of a peculiar dance to the singing of some hymn or song extempore. At the commencement a circle dance—men, women, and children, around two persons who sing. This dance is an indescribable movement of the feet *very heavy* and a correspondent movement of the body. At the end of the tune or song the central group is increased and another dance commenced—each dance increasing the central group. The *Shout*<sup>33</sup> continues sometimes all night, increasing gradually in vigor and vehemence and the atmosphere ditto. I remained far beyond my wish, waiting for the carriage. When it came none of our party were ready to leave and I returned alone. The driver had no pass or counter-sign. I knew the counter-sign but had no right to use it, neither had the driver. We were challenged three times but, reluctantly, allowed to pass and I reached home rather weary and almost

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<sup>33</sup> For another description of the shout see *Nation*, 30 May, 1862.

sick—was going directly to my room but Mr. French said he would first have service. I had just time to ask for some sheets that he had promised to provide for me in New York and to learn that they had just, that evening, been sent to Mrs. General Stevens. This was too much for human nature for I had had no sheets for 4 nights. I did not *feel* devotional and did not kneel or make pretence but sat quietly as I often do when I feel most devotional. Prayer and singing over, I said good night and was at the door when Mrs. F..... in loud tone began "Miss Walker, you have hurt my feelings very much by not kneeling at prayer. I hope that in future you will *always* do it, and set such an example to the colored people." I simply replied *very sweetly* "Good night, Mrs. French." Several of our Boston young men stood at the door as I came out, having heard all. They greeted me most cordially as I passed out. Next day I learned that they went home to their house near by and held an indignation meeting. . . .

Sunday March 16th. Went to the Baptist church. Mr. French preached to the 9th Michigan Reg[iment], General Stevens and family present. A good talk—could hardly be called a sermon but excellent of its kind. Subject: Daniel and his trials, his powers of resistance and godly life—application.

General Stevens invited Mrs. J. [Mrs. Walter R. Johnson] and me to lunch and visit hospitals. Accepted of course. Dr. Kemble,<sup>84</sup> Penn. Brigade Surgeon, went with us—visited Round Head and other hospitals. Women are sadly needed in these hospitals. About 100 sick and tended by men—look forlorn—need a woman's face and voice to cheer and woman's hand to smooth their pillow. . . .

No musquito nets. Dr. K[emble] says he made requisition upon Dr. . . . at Hilton Head for nets but was refused because Dr. wished a *General* Hospital there; has 1200 nets and would send none. Dr. K[emble] wishes he had some female nurses, says he would take them in special charge and give them a house, etc. Dined at 6 o'clock at General Stevens, talked about Washington Military, Anderson, etc. Johnson best officer in the rebel army. McC. [?] afraid of him. Returned home and retired. Awakened from deep sleep by Mrs. Harlan<sup>85</sup> who came

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<sup>84</sup> George S. Kemble.

<sup>85</sup> Mrs. Senator Harlan of Iowa. *Cincinnati Daily Gazette*, 12 Mar., 1862.

to say Atlantic would sail from Hilton Head tonight. Had I anything for Sec[retary] Chase whom she should see. Had nothing, had written to his daughters all I had to say. . . .

Monday 17th March. Mr. French has asked me to be his secretary but I think he wishes a grand *Report* and will publish it. I do not wished to be mixed up with N[ew] Y[ork] association for there is no congeniality of taste and sentiment.<sup>36</sup> I hope we all came with one purpose.

I have been appointed *superintendent of washing*. This I have accepted and intend to do my best to give satisfaction, if I remain here. I have just received a note from Mr. Pierce asking if Mrs. J., M., N.,<sup>37</sup> and I will go to the Pope plantation<sup>38</sup> and aid him and Mr. Hooper in plantation work. Our hearts leap with the idea, but we will consult Mr. F[rench]. He is so kindly disposed we do not wish to hurt his feelings, if he should object to our leaving. Dr. Peck urged my remaining with him and his daughter but Mr. French objected so strongly, I thought it best to try what could be done with his *tribe of women*, much doubting my ability to remain long. Dr. Peck has sent several times to ask my return. He also wants Miss Winsor as teacher in his colored school.

Tuesday 18 March. Last night it was decided that we should go to the plantation. We rejoice in this decision because we believe we can be far more useful there. Dr. Peck came this morning and again repeated his kind invitation to me and my charge, Nellie [Winsor]. He wants us both, he says, Nellie for school and me to go with him to visit the plantations on Port Royal Island, all of which are under his superintendence. They are 65 in number. Beauford is upon P[ort] R[oyal] Island.

Mr. Pierce, in his admirable Report,<sup>39</sup> has truly and beautifully described this apostle, whose saintly look is a benediction. His sweet daughter, Lizzie came to Beauford with us, to join her father and to minister to his comfort. She has a delicate look, I do not think she can be strong.

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<sup>36</sup> Edward S. Philbrick of the Boston Commission had a similar estimate of the N. Y. Association. Pearson, Port Royal Letters, 4, 5.

<sup>37</sup> Probably Mrs. Walter R. Johnson, Miss Mary A. Donaldson, and Miss Nellie Winsor.

<sup>38</sup> The name of one of the 195 plantations.

<sup>39</sup> Rept. to Chase, 3 Feb., 1862.



Mr. P[ierce] urges us to the plantation and so we go—four of us together. A “lighter” takes our luggage and a 6 oar boat, rowed by as many stalwart negroes, takes us and Mr. Hooper, who is our escort. Our rowers sing as they row, their own songs—some impromptu and all religious—about the Saviour and the kingdom. Their oars dip in the sparkling water, keeping time to the song. It is a clear bright day. The sun, warm, but a fine breeze, makes our row of half an hour in crossing Beauford river, most delightful. The boat cannot touch the shore because of shallow water and so a stout negro takes us one at a time in his arms and carries us from boat to shore.

Mr. Eustis<sup>40</sup> has invited us to dine with him and sent his carriage to the ferry for us. The carriage, dilapidated now, *was* Miss Mary Jenkins’ but confiscated and appropriated by Mr. Eustis. This is our way of securing comforts. A nice dinner, *roast beef* awaited us and a pleasant re-union with friends we had not seen since we parted on arrival at Hilton Head. After dinner the gentlemen preceded us to the Pope plantation to see if all was in readiness for us. They returned and escorted us to our future *home*, where tea awaited us under Mr. Hooper’s superintendence, also a crowd of blacks—men, women and children, came to welcome us—ragged and dirty they offered hands we could not refuse. The men scraped and bowed, the women curtsied. Little children scraped without bowing most laughably. I brought in a little fellow of 15 years and we were greatly amused at his scraping his foot with the slightest movement of head. We took our nice tea and corn bread without butter and retired early. I could not sleep because my new straw mattress was very hard and my bedstead, buggy.

Wednesday 19 March. Arose, not refreshed, for want of sleep; discarded bedstead and Mr. Ruggles made a rough board frame to support my mattress. Nellie and I occupy same room and have a small wash-room, which is a great luxury. I brought my marble top wash stand and my nice basin and pitcher and new water bucket—enough to make my comfort without anything else. After arranging my room I went with Mrs. J[ohnson] and Mr. Eustis to his overseer-house, now our store house, to

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<sup>40</sup> Frederic A. Eustis of Milton, Mass., a son-in-law of Dr. Channing. When his mother died he inherited a plantation near Port Royal, but owing to his anti-slavery views refused it. He had charge of this plantation. Miss Walker to (                    ), 1 Apr., 1862, in the Society’s collection.

open boxes of clothing and select for plantations. Worked all day and returned for 6 P. M. dinner.

Thursday. At home all day putting house in order. Have but little furniture but expect to *pick up* gradually. Everything has been taken out of the houses. What the *military* left, the blacks have hidden away and will no doubt bring us enough to make us comfortable.

Friday. Again at store-house opening boxes and selecting clothes for plantations; all day working hard. Have filled 4 large boxes with a variety of clothes for men, women and children; wish we had more clothes for children.

Saturday. Visited cabins and preached industry and cleanliness. Mrs. J[ohnson] has done much to induce the last, already at her instance whitewashing and scrubbing have commenced and imitation is large in the negro. I am hopeful.

Sunday. Drove 4 miles to church. Avenue leading up to the church having natural hedge of Cherokee rose, climbing sometimes 30 or 40 feet on privet and pine tree. Church stands in a grove of live oak deeply fringed with grey moss. A burial place overhung by a wide spreading live oak, whose luxuriant branches with their pendants of moss, seemed like wings of guardian angels spread out to embrace the loved ones buried there, whose white marble monuments tell us they "lived to be loved and died to be lamented." One newly made grave marked by a notched board tells us its occupant is now equal with his white master before the throne of the "King of kings," though no marble monument marks his last resting place. The slave is free. Pax vobiscum.

I taught a class in our morning Sunday school and never have I seen greater earnestness to "learn to read." This is the universal cry. They oftener ask for books than for clothes. After school the church was filled with some 3 to 400 clean dressed, but odd looking people. Many wore table covers for shawls, some, showy gowns left by Sesesh ladies, and trousers, coats and vests made of carpeting taken from the floors. "Necessity is the mother of invention" as these neglected people daily prove to us. Mr. Hooper opened service by reading selections from Scripture. A colored brother then offered an earnest prayer. Mr. Hooper read a hymn and then lined it out and the congregation sung it. Mr. H. said he could not preach but would tell



a story. He did it well and all listened with deep interest to hear how the giant Offro<sup>41</sup> found Christ. The giant was a strong man but wished to find a stronger than himself and set out in search of the strongest and most powerful man in the world. The King would not do and Satan would not do; at last a holy hermit directed him to find Christ. Offro would not pray and could not fast but could work. For a year he served pious pilgrims by carrying them in his arms over a rapid river in their journey to the Holy Sepulchre. One stormy night a little child asked to be carried over. It was hard for Offro to leave his warm bed but he did it. The little child began to grow heavy and when they reached the shore a glory shone around him and lighted the darkness. A man was set down who said "you have at last by your fidelity and faith found Christ." Mr. Pierce made some excellent remarks touching every day duties. Another hymn was read by Mr. Hooper and sung by the congregation, after which in beautiful and solemn tone and manner Mr. Hooper pronounced the benediction.

After service Mr. Pierce, Nellie and I drove to Jenkins' plantation, about 8 miles from Pope's. The house stands near the river, is 5 miles by boat from Hilton Head. An extensive and beautiful flower garden lies between house and river. I gathered a rich and varied bouquet from the large beds of verbena and sweet violet. Retinospora from the large trees in the garden, Oleander buds from trees larger than the largest Quince tree, Coral honeysuckle and geranium and many other varieties.

Monday 24th March. At overseer or store house selecting clothing nearly all day.

Tuesday. Again at the Jenkins' plantation to look into cabins, talk with women and see what can be done to improve them. Katy has 7 ragged, dirty children, what shall be done? No husband and *nothing*. Some clothes are given for her children—one naked, and must have it at once. Is Katy lazy? Very likely. Does she tell the truth? Perhaps not. I must have faith and she must, at least, cover her children. She promises to make her cabin and herself clean and to wash her children before putting on the new clothes. Will she do it? I will see her again. Visited some twenty or more cabins and talked a great deal. Chaplin's plantation is adjoining. He was old and unmarried.

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<sup>41</sup> Usually called Saint Christopher.

They say he was a kind master. He told them to stay when the Yankees came. Many masters told their slaves the Yankees would take them and send them to Cuba and sell them away from their children, and that they must run when the Yankees came. One woman said they told her the Yankees had horns and she must run and hide in the woods before they came. She added, "I knowed massa meant to come and get me away an' I didn't go." I said, "I am a Yankee, why don't you run? don't you see my horns?" She seized my hands and kissed them saying "bless the Lörd we glad you come."

I fear the cotton agent, Salisbury,<sup>42</sup> stationed here is not a good man. The negroes complain of him and they all look so neglected it is quite evident he has done no good upon the plantation. He drives the finest horses I have seen in Port Royal or St. Helena; gives good dinners; entertains largely; has appropriated all the furniture and nearly all the teams about the place and refuses to give anything to the Superintendents placed there by Mr. Pierce. Smith and Taylor are superintendents. Yesterday, Salisbury demanded 3 oxcarts and their oven and one mule and cart with ten men who had been set at work by Smith. What can be done with only hands and hoes upon such extent of cotton and corn fields?

Wednesday 26th March. At home all day writing. What joy! Letters from Secretary Chase, James Fisher,<sup>43</sup> Ellen Walker, Mrs. Eastman. Am I not happy. Mr. Channing too—joint letter to Mrs. J[ohnson], Mary and me. Three newspapers too! Spent all evening in letter writing. Learn that a steamer leaves tomorrow.

Thursday 27th March. Visited cabins and found four or five sick. Yesterday Katy gave birth to a child, the first free born child here and we mean to call the boy Edward L. Pierce.

Friday. Provost Marshal, Lieut. Belcher, came to lunch with us and look after the comfort of the ladies. Just as the Provost was leaving we were surprised by the appearance of a cavalcade at our door. Gen[eral] [Thomas W.] Sherman with his aids

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<sup>42</sup> The friction which subsequently developed between the government cotton agents and the representatives of the Associations was caused by the usurpation of authority by the latter. See p. 33.

<sup>43</sup> James T. Fisher of the Finance Committee of the Boston Commission. He was a cousin of Mrs. Edward S. Philbrick and a personal friend of Miss Walker. See Society Coll.

from Hilton Head and Gen[eral] Stevens and his aids from Beauford came to pay their respects to us. All offered to do anything in their power for us. Mr. Pierce had brought sardines and cheese, which, with our ration bread we set before our visitors. Mr. Pierce also offered wine but the presence of ladies perhaps prevented its acceptance. The incident was an agreeable one. These have been our only visitors except Mr. Eustis since we came to the plantation.

Saturday. This is Mr. Pierce's birthday, 33 he says. We ought to have a festival and christen ebony Edward, his namesake, but no clergyman is here. We must wait till Dr. Peck comes over. Spent the day at the storehouse assorting clothing; made up two large boxes for Phillips<sup>44</sup> and Philbrick.<sup>45</sup> Opened Concord box and found a valuable collection of clothing for children which we greatly need. Found Mr. Hooper and Mr. Philbrick on arriving home. The latter passed the night. He came in great trouble about the cotton agents Nobles and Salisbury, who so retard his operations and who are doing so much to injure the laborers at Coffin's Point, where he and Gannett<sup>46</sup> are stationed. His Report shows the agents there to be very bad men. What can be done?

Sunday 30 March. Note from Mr. P[ierce] asking if I will write to Secretary Chase about them. I listen, after going to parlor, to his letter to Sec[retary]. Col[onel] Reynolds<sup>47</sup> and Philbrick's written reports are to be forwarded to Washington. Determine to add my mite however small and beseech the Secretary to heed Mr. Pierce's earnest appeal. Will not his name as mover [?] and supporter of this experiment to "improve the negroes" carry his name wherever tongue can pronounce it? Will not the recording angel write [it] in with pen of light in the Great Book? He will come now to our aid and remove these bad men who are doing so much to corrupt the negroes he wishes to improve. His past life-work is guarantee of present help. I feel that he will now do what he can. Shall not go to

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<sup>44</sup> Rev. Samuel D. Phillips of the Educational Commission.

<sup>45</sup> See Pearson's "Letters from Port Royal" for communication of Edward S. Philbrick of the Boston Commission.

<sup>46</sup> Wm. C. Gannet of the Boston Commission.

<sup>47</sup> Lieut. Col. Wm. H. Reynolds, cotton collector. Pierce was not to interfere with his work, but to supplement it. Pierce to Chase in *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 24 Feb., 1862.



church today. Thermometer is at 72 and sun bright—I will stay indoors. Last night I came home so tired with assorting clothing, I went to my room directly from our 7 o'clock dinner and did not leave it again till this morning. A good sleep and bath refreshed me and I feel quite bright.

Monday 31st March. Atlantic has arrived. Will there be letters for me. We have a dinner party today. General Stevens, wife, son and daughter, Mr. Eustis and son, and Mr. Hooper, all invited by Mr. Pierce. What field for invention! We have an extension table but, alas, our table cloth will not extend and it is our only one. I have a bright thought. I have just finished a new sheet; this shall be washed and starched, nicely ironed—will it not seem *invisible* damask? And with napkins made from a scrap of an old table cloth found at our washerwoman's, and nicely done up, our table shines. I brought two silver forks and Mrs. Hooper has one; others have plated forks three, so we can make up a half dozen silver and plated, which we give our guests. Mr. Hooper we don't mind because he belongs to our family. He is general express-man though and for convenience is mostly with Mr. Eustis on Ladies Island nearer the ferry. Mr. Eustis brings his plates, spoons, etc. and his excellent waiter, Harry. A *moutton* has been slain, this furnishes our meat to which however we may add *ration* ham. M[ary] accomplishes an apple dumplin and I succeed under some difficulties in getting it boiled. Mr. Eustis surprises us by bringing ripe strawberries, a few dried fruits procured by private enterprise in Beauford or sent by Boston friends, furnish a nice dessert, which we ornament with flowers. Green orange leaves with bud and flower contrast prettily with the ripe golden fruit; green fig leaves beautify our dish of dried figs and a wreath of Cherokee roses and a vase of natural flowers form a pretty centre piece for our table. Robert,<sup>48</sup> an old herdsman, makes delicious butter always and today gives his best—how sweet and fresh. Coffee with *cream* follows last. Spoons are scarce—I have four silver teaspoons, Mrs. Hooper one, and we raise two plated ones, enough for guests and we decline coffee at some personal sacrifice for we all like the beverage. I must not omit the rich salad which, of course, American

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<sup>48</sup> Mr. Philbrick wrote of Robert in 1865 that after posing as an object of charity he and his friend negotiated for a \$350 horse. "Letters from Port Royal," 202.



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fashion followed the meats. We thank Mr. Ruggles<sup>49</sup> for the nice lettuce he brought us and wish our table *cloth* would have given him a "cover." Fortunately it just reached for 12 and 13 *fatal number*, was saved! Our dinner was pronounced a grand success. General Stevens was too busy with trying the pontoon bridge at Beauford to come and sent his two aids, Captain Stevens<sup>50</sup> (his son) and Lieutenant Lyons<sup>51</sup> to escort the ladies. We were sorry not to see him and also General Sherman who was invited, but we had a merry dinner—though rebel pickets are within 10 miles of us.

April 1st Tuesday. My week at housekeeping, how I dread it! Susannah is no cook, has never been taught and her kitchen is away across the yard. I cannot go to her through the burning sun and over the deep sand. If I could I fear I shouldn't, for it is too small and has too many in it—no room for me and to tell truth I don't like kitchens, especially *colored* ones where the dinner I am to eat has to be cooked. Our two waiters, Jane and Lucy are girls of 14 whom we have taken to instruct generally. Ellic, field hand, *assists* sometimes, but oftener hinders. I must call Jane to tell Lucy to find Ellic and send him to cut some wood and bring it in quickly to make a fire; we are all very cold at evening even though thermometer may have stood at 80° at midday. It is a peculiarity of this region, a part of its former institutions, nothing can ever be provided before it is absolutely needed in order that patience may have its perfect work perhaps. In the present case we have no lock or latch or fastening of any kind to any door, and no place but the chimney corner for our wood and therefore cannot keep a very large supply on hand. We have few cooking utensils and no conveniences of any description. The "barbarism of Slavery everywhere," trumpet tongued, proclaims against every form of progress, and hugs the chains that limit it. It is only necessary to survey a plantation that has for generations been cultivated for the single purpose of producing the largest quantity of cotton, cultivated with *one idea*, to read the small history of its master. Pope's is perhaps the average plantation, 87 negroes and good cotton grounds yielding 139 acres per annum. The house not old nor yet very new,

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<sup>49</sup> T. Edwin Ruggles of the Boston Commission.

<sup>50</sup> Captain Hazard Stevens.

<sup>51</sup> Benjamin R. Lyons.

contains no approach or reference to convenience. The grounds are equally innocent of any indication of taste. The whole plantation nowhere suggests an idea of beauty derived from any sort of culture. Nature, as if to rebuke man, has planted a white Cherokee rose hedge in front of the barn and corn yard but permits it not to approach near the house. If the barn had not been located so as to hide the graceful curve in the creek, quite a picturesque view might have opened from eastward. There is a vegetable garden on one side through which, in straight lines Orange trees have been planted, interspersed with mustard and cabbage stalks, but not a single garden flower blooms upon the plantation. Flora has nowhere on these Islands lavished her gifts—Nature has left this land to its idol—Art has transplanted from other regions a choice variety of garden flowers to some of the flower gardens but I have seen few wild flowers growing on any of these Islands.

Wednesday 2d April. Atlantic returns today and my letters must go to J. T. F.,<sup>52</sup> Cousin Cynthia and Mr. Winn. A quantity of clothing has been brought over from the store house and all the time I can spare from housekeeping must be given to the buyers who come for clothing. I shall have little time for letter writing to day.

Thursday. Mr. Zachos came up in his boat from Hilton Head, very glad to see him; went with him by boat to the store house and filled two bags with clothing for his five plantations, not much, to be sure, but all we can spare. He will send his boat any day we will visit him at Paris Island—should like to go for this place is so uninviting. I am tired of it.

Friday. Visited cabins and talked with women, found several sick and complaining of aches and pains; do not wonder they feel sick in such atmosphere. Why will not they keep cleaner? Have better ventilation! I always prescribe open door and bath—no medicine is needed if they would but live decently. House-keeping is a bore and storekeeping ditto. Very tired I retire early.

Saturday 5th April. Mr. Pierce has invited some gentlemen to dine and we must send table-cloth and napkins to be *done up* before dinner. He has seven nice fish—sheep's-head fish—this must furnish our repast. I will send for Becky to scrub the dining

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<sup>52</sup> James T. Fisher. See n. 45.

room floor and set Lucy and Jane to assort thread and needles for our negroes. I am all alone. Mrs. Johnson and sister have gone to Wasso and Nellie is sick. Sat[urday] is a day of leisure and men and women come by twenties and thirties to buy clothing. Some bring money and some want credit. I note each sale. Men buy gowns and chemises for their wives when they can buy nothing for themselves. They want very long dresses and ask often for white skirts. We had some half dozen which went off at once and many disappointments followed because we had no more. I wish our friends would send a quantity of the corded muslin that Chandler sells very cheap for skirts. The women here will gladly make them for themselves. I have taken today \$20 in money and *credited* a good deal to those who had no money yet wanted a smart gown and new chemise for Sunday. I wish we had as many more boxes as we have already received. We need a great deal yet to supply all who need. They come from long distances and it is hard to turn them away for want of such articles as they greatly need.

Sunday 6th April. Yesterday was a hard day for me—the hardest I have seen since I came to Port Royal, and I retired thoroughly disgusted and discouraged. If I had only to consider my own wants I should not be troubled for I would confine myself to Government rations and be thankful and cheerful, but three other ladies and one or two gentlemen are to be made comfortable through my efforts to provide. Mr. P[ierce] is extremely kind and brings many luxuries to be prepared and he likes a good table. Who does not? I like it too, but do not like to *do it* myself. If we only had a good waiter he might relieve the housekeeper of much disagreeable drudgery and save her more valuable time for more important service—for teaching and *preaching*, both of which are required every day. These poor, neglected ones need often to be reminded of the oft repeated necessities of cleanliness and industry. They come to me in rags and dirt to ask for a Sunday gown. They astonish me by the good taste with which they select. The orange and blue white striped skirts and sacks are the least salable of all dresses. The yellow and brown kerchief-turbans the least desired though all the head-kerchiefs are *gifts* to them, as requested by Mrs. Cabot.<sup>53</sup> Exceptions, of course, to all rules, as for

<sup>53</sup> Mrs. Samuel Cabot of Boston, a member of the Committee on Clothing for the Educational Commission.



instance at church today I noted black Moll with her cheery face and ivory teeth. Moll wore a gown of red and green patch—deep red roses blushed and glowed full size, upon a field of green; flounce a half yard deep tucked in the middle; over her shoulders she wore a blue gauze veil and around her neck a white kerchief fastened with white gauze ribbon and brooch of red glass. Her apron was a black crape veil with deep hem, probably a widow's deep mourning weed. A high turban of brilliant colors set upon her head like the Normandy cap. Black net mits covered her blacker hands, and an embossed table cover, black and scarlet, served for shawl. The conscious beauty, for she felt that she was handsome, smiled as I caught her eye and asked her name.

Judy is in my Sunday-school class; does not remember the letter U. Why not? She replies "Misses, we don't study dat." What do you study? "We study de lord." Whereupon I preached to her from her own text. How "study de lord" better than by improving the opportunity he has given by sending teachers to teach the way to read his holy Bible? Mr. Thorpe<sup>54</sup> talked well to the people, told them their duties, urged industry and patience, pointed out the greater sufferings of our soldiers and their families. A colored leader offered an earnest prayer. He prayed that "we may feel d influence dy holy spirit, God bless de Union people whereber dey may be trabbling on de land, on de water, en deir distant families whersoever dey may be."

Monday 7. Last day of my housekeeping. How I rejoice! I am ready to do harder work of different kind, but cannot do this.

Tuesday 8 April. Mr. Pierce went to Hilton Head and returned with a large package of letters and papers for me. I feel quite bright and strong now. Last few days have been decidedly homesick.

Wednesday 9th April. Drove to Fuller's<sup>55</sup> plantation; saw Superintendent Ruggles; went to the negro quarters and talked with the women. They need help. It is so near we ought to go often.

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<sup>54</sup> David F. Thorpe from Boston. See p. 47.

<sup>55</sup> When the exodus to the mainland occurred, Fuller succeeded in keeping control of his negroes, but later, when offered their freedom, they accepted. Pearson, *Letters from Port Royal*, 314, 315.



Thursday. Drove with Mr. Pierce and Mary to the far end of Ladies Island—Brickyard Point where Federal troops are stationed. This is opposite the Rebel pickets on the Main[land] and shots are often exchanged. Captain Dimmock<sup>56</sup> commands here. Had a charming drive through the woods and cotton fields. Gathered wild flowers, Azalia pink and white, with all the New England fragrance. I greeted it as an old friend. Ferns are very coarse—saw no fine ones or would have gathered some. Stopped at Chaplin's plantation where the only white man left on St. Helena still lives very secluded, not liking to see any one but his own servants who still attend him. His family are all sesesh. He says nothing and is called crazy—did not see him. Found the women ragged and dirty—no whitewash here; promised to use it before I came again—poor souls. They have little encouragement to do anything. All work and *no pay yet* and so "confused" as they express it, about themselves. Do not know whose they are, whether they belong to themselves or somebody else.

Friday 11th April. Heavy firing all morning yesterday and commenced again at 10 last evening, still continued till about 2 P. M., probably cannonading Fort Pulaski<sup>57</sup> 30 miles distant—so heavy as to shake our house. If sesesh gain *we* will hang from the highest tree. I look at these tall pines in the grove near my window and wonder which branch will hold me. I fear not for I feel that I am *sent* here for good. I came not myself alone.

Saturday. Yesterday at 2 P. M. Pulaski raised the white flag just in time to save the powder magazine and many lives. Only one of our men lost. Thank God! for another bloodless victory!

Sunday 13th April. Sumpter anniversary. Went to church and taught Sunday-school. "Atmospheric pressure" too severe, had great difficulty in bearing it to the end of service. Thorpe made an eloquent appeal to the people. May it touch their hearts and consciences and encourage them to "labor and to wait." His people are troublesome; many are discontented and our young superintendents are tried in many ways still they persevere. We came out as strangers, entirely ignorant of the country and the people. Our laborers had always been driven with uplifted whip. We came to them after three months of desolation and war had

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<sup>56</sup> Captain Gordon Z. Dimock, 50th Pa. Inf.

<sup>57</sup> On Cockspur Island, Georgia.

demoralized them. The masters abandoned them, leaving the cotton half picked and grain, potatoes, ungathered. Each superintendent has charge of from one to 10 plantations; all the winter and spring work had been neglected; no preparation for planting cotton; no fencing; no mules good for anything; plows were broken and hoes lost; harnesses were worn out and carts nowhere to be found. Government had not yet paid for picking last year's crop and laborers had no faith in its promises and worked accordingly—lazily and complainingly. Soldiers and others equally unwise had told them they were "freemen and need not work." The new condition in which they found themselves had produced among them such "confusion," as they rightly described themselves, that they hardly knew what to do or to believe, and yet with all this to contend with we have succeeded in planting more corn and potatoes enough to feed the 10,000 blacks and a fair crop of cotton besides. Confusion has become order and confidence reigns generally. With a few exceptions, the laborers have gone about their work as in the master's time. All understand the planting better than we can teach them, but they need encouragement. They have not yet become self-reliant. Many are well-disposed and work willingly when made to understand that the corn, which they so willingly plant, is to furnish them food, but the cotton must also be planted for Government and for this planting, wages will be paid them and with their wages they must buy clothes. Sweetening and tobacco or have none. It has been hard to teach this but the lesson oft repeated, is beginning to take effect. The soil had not much depth but continual replanting of the good seed, will, I feel confident, ultimately repay and richly too, the patient laborer.

Some are lazy and others are grasping. Are whites less so? I think the latter trait justifies faith in their ability to take care of themselves, now that they are relieved from the necessity of supporting their master's family. Let us give them a fair opportunity to try here in their native home and we need have no fear that they will not more than support themselves. Of course Government will not expect to *make anything out of them* this year.

Monday April 14. Went to Miss Winsor's school and prepared sewing for her girls, with her approval. It seems to me desirable to combine *industry* with other teachings. On returning

home saw Mr. Ketchum, who is head of N[ew] Y[ork] Ass[ociation]. He called for a few moments and went through the Quarters to note operations.

Tuesday. Miss D[onaldson] and I tried to walk to the woods but this proved a failure. The woods receded as we advanced through sandy cotton fields, wading over shoes in dry sand. The field was blue with the little . . . . . so profuse there.

Wednesday 16th April. General Stevens and staff, Mr. Eustis, and Mr. and Mrs. John Forbes<sup>58</sup> called. We had a plain lunch, crackers and sardines.

Thursday. Drove to St. Helenaville. This is the summer residence of the planters, a rude village in a pine wood by the Bay. Houses unfinished generally and unpainted, merely white-washed. Some flower gardens but not much cultivation—simply a resort during July and August. The planters took only a few house servants with them and a little furniture. It is considered more healthful than Beauford, but must be an uninteresting residence unless social life had great charm. There could have been nothing else. I collected some secesh receipts for cooking etc. but nothing important remained.

Friday. Assorted clothing all morning and fitted out school children. These children are peculiarly formed, probably owing to hard work and neglect on part of mothers. Little encouragement to give out new clothes for they will not take care of them. They either play June bug in the sand, with a peculiar hop, raising such a dust you can not see, or else crawl on hands and knees through the sand and very soon soil their new clothes, or the clothes are put out of sight that they may be able to beg for more. They like to hoard. Does this desire of acquisition indicate providence or selfishness? If the former we should hail it and encourage such good omen as will lead to self care and provision for the future.

Generals Hunter and Benham<sup>59</sup> called. We were all invited to dine with General Stevens, pass the night and go to a concert in Beauford, given by the Round Head band. General Stevens sent his carriage for us; I declined because we ought not all to leave home.

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<sup>58</sup> John M. Forbes, of Boston, a passenger on the Atlantic in 1862, but not a member of the Commission.

<sup>59</sup> Brig. Gen. H. W. Benham, who relieved at this time General Sherman.



19th April Saturday. Celebrated by a marriage. Archie Pope with Madeline Wallace. E. L. Pierce conducted ceremonies in very solemn and impressive manner. My first attendance at negro wedding. Grand entertainment and fine dressing, probably finery left by *sest* ladies in their flight, and appropriated by servants. Tulle tunic finished with ruche over white silk, head-dresses of flowers and ribbons and *bouquet de corsage* in profusion.

Sunday. Reached home after midnight and found Mr. and Mrs. Philbrick had made bedroom of the parlor, Miss Ware and Miss Towne<sup>60</sup> occupied [it] with Mrs. Johnson and her sister and all were asleep. Miss Towne will remain with us. My housekeeping has again come round. I pity the sufferers. How it tries me to do anything with such ignorant and untrained servants. I hope I shall be more patient than before even if ..... does find fault or expect more than can be furnished. I decline being cook or waiter.

21 Monday. Housekeeping!

22 Tuesday. Mrs. Johnson and Miss Donaldson left for home. Atlantic takes them back to N[ew] Y[ork] with rich experiences of plantation life after slavery left it.

23 Wednesday. Boxes, clothing, all removed to Pope's cotton house. Now it will be much easier to assort, more room and no long ride in the sun. Time will be saved and convenience gained.

Thursday. Hard work all day assorting clothing and keeping house. Horribly bitten by fleas and gnats and stinging sand flies; *Beauty* entirely destroyed! Never suffered so much from bites of insects. Undertake to look after the plantation.

Friday. Drove to Oliver and other Fripp plantations and found people discouraged and discontented because they have no confidence in the promises of Government to pay them for their labor. Cotton agent, Col[onel] Reynolds, has through Mr. Suydam<sup>61</sup> paid some laborers but not many. None here have been paid and they will not believe *we* mean to pay them. Mr. Suydam came to Pope's house one day and told me he had brought

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<sup>60</sup> Laura M. Towne of Philadelphia, who joined the Port Royal workers. Previously she had taught in charity schools in the North. Towne to Walkter, 25 Mar., 1862, in the Society's collections. She made her home in the South, where she established in 1862 what is now the Penn. Normal, Industrial and Agricultural School. "Letters from Port Royal," 16n.

<sup>61</sup> James Adrian Suydam. See p. 7.



some money, but not enough to pay in full, so he had given "tickets for goods in the store" for the remainder. I asked if he knew what exorbitant prices were demanded for those goods, stating that for molasses they charged \$1.00 per gallon when we could buy of commissary in Beauford for 42cts. Salt too they sold 10 cts quart and *very* brown Havana sugar they sold for 25 cts lb. Skirting of ordinary quality  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide they sell for 25cts yd. Mr. S[uydam] said he could only say that *they* had no interest—were merely selling for Government at their own prices. Government had to pay high in Beauford for all articles. I replied, I cannot understand why Gov[ernment] cannot buy at such prices as to afford goods as low as sold by commissaries. Mr. S[uydam] much excited, "I do not know, Miss Walker, you must ask them." "Neither do I know," I returned, "but I think the proper gen[eral] officers ought to understand about it." Exit Mr. S. somewhat ruffled. The next steamer carried these facts through me to the Treasury Department. We will see if such injustice is to continue. No wonder the negroes lose confidence. Park<sup>62</sup> and Thorpe have superintendence of Oliver Fripp and several other plantations. The former is son of Prof[essor] Park of Andover Seminary—not anti slavery and is, perhaps, a little uncomfortable with the laborers. The latter *was* anti slavery, has perhaps the stronger character and Park has prevailed to such a degree that the result of their superintendence has become disaffection almost amounting to mutiny among the people. They refuse to work and grumble continually. Mr. Pierce, Miss T[owne] and I went to see if we could re-assure them and harmonize the discordant elements. We met sour looks and cross words but will try again.

26 Saturday, April. Joy and Thanksgiving! Room all to myself. Such a relief to belong to myself once more! Miss W[insor] has gone to room with Miss T[owne]. Coming as a pioneer, bearing the brunt of the battle, I felt that I so required the strength of this new arrangement that I had a right to ask it now that our number is so reduced that we have two rooms for three ladies. Oh, what infinite relief to come to my own room and feel that no mortal has a right to intrude upon my inmost sanctuary. Here I will try to gather up strength for each day's duties.

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<sup>62</sup> Wm. E. Park. See p. 48.

I am so tired I cannot think and yet I must write out my fatigue before I rest my weary limbs. I have been at the clothing all day and am so tired, so very tired, will not it rest me to write *so tired!* The clothing has gradually become my department. I am willing to take housekeeping half but not all the time. Miss T[owne] does not like changing and though she *hates* housekeeping as much as I do, still prefers it all the time if any. I do not consider this fair, but since she will have it so, consent for the present.

27th Sunday. Too tired to go to church but went to "Praise House" and read New Testament and talked with those who could not go to church. Lingered with old Phillis and Catherine and they related new horrors of Slavery. Told me about ankle fetters, collar and mouth piece and terrible cowhidings and finally the hangings and shootings by slavemasters to prevent escape of servants forced to follow *sesesh* in flight to "the Main." When I said such cruelty could not be, old Phillis, raising her hand to her head in a manner peculiar to herself, exclaimed, "Heigh, you no bleve me, heigh, worse en dat." Here we were interrupted by a messenger to say a gentleman had called to see me. Thus my talk ended for this time.

Monday. Again all day at the clothing while Miss T[owne] attended at home. I have decided to take Jane from school and let her help me pack boxes and I will teach her. It is now too warm for her to walk  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile here before breakfast and go back to school and then return here, as she has been doing, till evening and go home to sleep. She loses so much time and no one is the gainer. Today with her assistance I assorted and repacked 11 boxes. The clothing department has finally devolved upon me. It is a great responsibility and I will write to the committee and state how matters stand. I do not belong to Boston or any *commission* and perhaps the Boston commission would prefer to send a "special agent" or select some one already sent here by them, for this duty. I have tried to do the best I could. At first Mr. Eustis, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Donaldson and myself assorted clothing at Eustis' overseer house and left it there for Mr. Eustis to send, as packed, to the different superintendents. Mr. Pierce on April 22 had the boxes brought to Pope's cotton house and now I have sole care of it, and it occurs to me that the committee ought to give this charge to one of their agents.

29th April Tuesday. Drove to Gabriel Caper's. He was a bachelor and everything about the place has an exceedingly neglected look. House old and forlorn; cabins wretched and people hopeless. They gathered and gave me some fine white mulberries, here the mulberry is tasteless—I do not like it. Women gathered around me and I tried to explain to them as simply as I could what *government* is; the power that I and they must obey. One bright, intelligent woman, expressed herself very much comforted by what I said. She said they had all been so “confuse;” they did not know what to do; did not know where they belonged or “anything about we.” Old Gabriel, her master's father, was the person selected by the chief men of the Island (St. Helena) to receive Napoleon Bonaparte when they heard of his banishment to St. Helena. Proof undoubted of great intelligence and wisdom on the part of the inhabitants generally. Could there be a St. Helena out of cottendom! “Bleeve ye” the negro would say.

30 April Thursday.<sup>63</sup> Day of grateful rest so needed by tired and worn out system.

May 1 Thursday. Went to Fripp's point with Mr. P[ierce] and Miss Winsor, dined with Mrs. Philbrick and Miss Thorne. Not very interesting place. They will remove to Coffin's p[oin]t when cotton agent Salisbury *vacates*. Stopped at Capt. I[saac] Fripp's on return and found people ragged and discontented. It was a trial to see these people.

Friday. Made out Pay-roll for laborers on Pope's plantation, “The Oaks.” 39 laborers to be paid proportionally for planting 52¼ acres cotton at 1 dollar per acre. They promise that if they can have another mule they will plant 20 acres more. They must be kept at work for their own good.

Saturday. Mrs. French, Curtis, Nicholson, Lieut[enan]ts Belcher and Gregory came to lunch. Mrs. F[rench] made me apology for speaking as she did on several occasions while we were together in Buford.

Sunday. Went to Praise house and read to some of the old people who could not go to church. Read sermon on the Mount to old lame Bess and Robert the cow herd. Interrupted by call

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<sup>63</sup> Evidently Wednesday.



home to receive C. S. [Coast Survey] Officers Boutelle<sup>64</sup> and Boyd. The former, an old acquaintance of mine and friend of Sears [a brother of Miss Walker]. His duties have been for years in this region and he is personally acquainted with all the planters on this and Ladies Island; has often been a guest at their tables. Says that they were generally a hard, uncultivated set. Men minded cotton and women chiefly interested in poultry. "How's your poultry" the first salutation to each other. Some exceptions of taste and refinement among gentlemen and ladies; they had few amusements and few interests apart from cotton; gave few dinners and had but little social life out of their own families. For three weeks there has been no mail! We hear that New Orleans is taken. Is it true?<sup>65</sup> Hope so.

5th May Monday. All day in cotton house assorting clothing and selling to those who come from a distance. Do not wish to sell here or give on account, except to the people on this plantation. Think it better for each superintendent to supply his own people, but they *will* come here from the farthest points. Mr. Eustis has become provost marshal for St. H[elena] and Ladies Island and has issued an order of arrest if any negro is found away from home during working hours. This will be some relief and secure more work in field, but the people have heard that there are white ladies here and boxes of clothing and they would rather walk miles and buy it of us than receive it at home on account. This creates much discussion and we decide against indulging them but it is so hard to refuse what gives them so much comfort, and when they come, after finishing their day's work, however tired I may be, they get something, if I have open boxes. I try to assort and repack so fast as to keep but little on hand for such indulgences.

6th May Tuesday. Gen[eral] Hunter has issued an order and sent Jim Cashman<sup>66</sup> to receive colored volunteers for the

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<sup>64</sup> Assistant C. O. Boutelle in charge of the operations of the Coast Survey in S. Car., Ga., and Fla. C. H. Boyd was under his direction. Rept. of the Supt of the Coast Survey for 1862, 48, 49.

<sup>65</sup> New Orleans was occupied by the Union forces May 1, 1862.

<sup>66</sup> Port Royal was the scene of the first systematic attempt to enlist colored troops in the Civil War. It began when the negro, James Cashman, received instructions to enroll 100 colored volunteers (*Off. Rec.*, Ser. III, vol. II, 53), which met with Pierce's approval and support. When Hunter further ordered all able-bodied negroes to report at Hilton Head



army. I have tried in vain to inspire desire to fight but none wish to volunteer. This is a sad truth and full of deep meaning. All spirit has been so crushed down there is nothing left to rise up in defence of their just rights or to secure freedom. They might and I think would *run* fast and far to escape their masters and the old condition of slavery. They prove this by daily escapes from the Main, where they were forced to follow their runaway masters. Instances of daring and courage, of bold adventure even, show that, when *aroused*, they are equal to defending themselves and securing escape from the Masters under all manner of adverse circumstances. Huge obstacles are surmounted and most wonderful tales of adventure show latent energy and power, but generally the negroes left upon the plantations are those rejected by the masters as least desirable for them to secure. These are *living machines*, many of them so happy that they are left in their quiet homes to work for wages, without lash or driver, they ask nothing beyond the present. They could, I am sure, be *forced to fight*, but they will not volunteer to leave their homes. For weeks after the flight of *secesh*, with such of the negroes as could be taken, they would return by night to the plantation to steal others—took them from their beds—took children, till at last, the negroes, for many weeks, did not venture to sleep in their houses, but hid in the woods or along the creek under the shelving banks or in branches of trees. The children were hidden among the cotton beds every night, in the fields, for weeks after Government took Port Royal and adjacent Islands.

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under military escort, he was severely criticised. The blacks were just getting settled in their work, and relieved from the fear of Cuban slavery, when they were called from the fields, collected, impressed, and marched off—"never . . . did a major-general fall into a sadder blunder and rarely had humanity been outraged by an act of more unfeeling barbarity" (*Ibid*, 57). This criticism is severe in the light of Hunter's subsequent explanation that he did not contemplate compulsory service. However, it did remove a large number of laborers from the six to eight thousand acres of newly-planted cotton, thereby preventing a fair trial of the experiment of growing cotton with free labor. Moreover, it created confusion and lack of confidence among the blacks. It would have been well for Hunter to have waited for the arrival of Saxton who was coming with new and full instructions from the War Department relative to the negroes and the plantations. The "Hunter Regiment" was disbanded, except one company, in August, 1862. The first slave regiment mustered into service was the First South Carolina Volunteers. Higginson, "Army Life in a Black Regiment," I, 272-274.

7th May Wednesday. Assorting clothing till very tired. Find so little time for correspondence. Feel so tired I cannot write if I had time, except so stupidly friends would not have interest in reading such letters.

Thursday. Atlantic in at last with heavy mail. A few came on 4th and more promised. Wish friends would be more generous. If they could know what a restorer is a letter, wouldn't they write? Mr. & Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Eustis and Willie dined with us. Wrote S. P. C. [Salmon P. Chase?] about the brutal attack<sup>67</sup> of Col. Nobles on Mr. Pierce.

9th May Friday. Begin to like Miss T. [Towne?], think she will wear well. She takes care of Phil[adelphia] Clothing by their request.

Saturday. Will have a few return letters for Atlantic. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes expect to go and Mr. Eustis talks of going. Very sorry to lose Mr. Eustis. Believe him to be nobly and truly interested in solution of the great Industrial problem of free labor. He is unpopular with the laborers within his jurisdiction, but I have full faith in his earnest purposes and efforts in their behalf. That he is laboring for their elevation and general improvement.

11th May Sunday. Great excitement!<sup>68</sup> Capt[ain] Stevens brings order from Gen[eral] Hunter that all colored men between 18 and 45 capable of bearing arms shall be taken to Hilton Head—no explanation. What can it mean? Are these men contrary to all American usages—U. S. usages rather, to be impressed *against will* to military service? I am filled with amazement, indignation and sorrow. I am called upon, as superintendent of this plantation, to select the persons coming within Gen[eral] Hunter's requisition. How can I do it? Blinded by tears that will not be kept back, I write the names almost as signing their death warrants. The saddest duty I ever performed. If I could but speak to them before hand, I would prepare them, if possible, for any duty, but this is not permitted.

12 May Monday. Rose early and sought to be prepared for the trials in waiting. Capt[ain] Stevens last night brought a company of armed soldiers and paraded before our door previous to distribution over the Island. The negroes became alarmed.<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> The trouble was over the collection of cotton.

<sup>68</sup> and <sup>69</sup> See note 66.

They feared the return of secesh, and, as some of the house servants knew we were invited by Mr. Forbes to go to Hilton Head in his yacht, they were half afraid of our deserting them as their masters had done; that the Hilton Head excursion was but a pretext for escape. They watched the creek all night for fear of attack, poor creatures, what could they have done against the attack they feared!

Early after breakfast Capt[ain] Stevens came with his soldiers to demand the men. I asked to be permitted to speak to them, when assembled, before he should give them his order. He did not give consent but ordered the soldiers to load their guns in the very faces of the assembled men and then told them Gen[eral] Hunter had ordered them to Hilton Head, at the same moment ordering soldiers to fire on any one attempting to disobey the order of Gen[eral] Hunter. I could keep silent no longer and, stepping down from the porch to where the negroes stood, I assured them I knew no more than themselves about Gen[eral] Hunter's order, but believed him to be their friend and that no harm would be done them; conjured them to go willingly and be obedient to every command. I promised to take good care of their families in their absence. One whispered that his wife was in "family way" would I see after her? I gladly promised and giving each a plug of tobacco left them.

I do not think Capt[ain] Stevens meant to be so stern as he seemed. He is but a boy and extremely diffident and in no sympathy with our work here for the negroes. He said, when I besought him to be kind to the men so strangely and cruelly ordered to Hilton Head, "Yes, poor devils—Before I do such dirty work again I will resign." Poor Captain, you do not see the "dirty work" from my standpoint—but we will not here stop to discuss. The men were called from the field and thus hurried off without time for coat or shoes or a good bye to their families. The women stood near by, crying, though half assured by my presence in their midst, that nothing wrong would be done. The school house scene was one of great excitement, Capt[ain] Stevens drew up with his men to the negro quarters. Negroes quite unprepared, had no one to give them confidence. Women wept and children screamed as men were torn from their embrace. This is a sad day throughout these Islands. What does it portend? Mr. Pierce has gone to Hilton Head to see Gen[eral]



Hunter about it. A new experience for *our* country! Never before have *free* men been compelled to bear arms. Shall it be suffered? Let us wait the explanation. Did not go on excursion with Mr. F[orbes]; needed at home to encourage the people and had no heart for the excursion that in the distance looked so bright and promised so much.

13th May. Return of Mr. Pierce. Gen[eral] Hunter says he will *compel* none of the negroes to join the army. Will send back, with free papers all who do not wish to remain. All right, General, go on.

Col[onel] Reynolds has sent for "tickets" issued by his employee Suydam, and says he will never pay money instead of those tickets for picking the cotton. Sits the wind so? I am glad I spoke the word for justice and right against oppression even though I angered the oppressor. Let me ever find strength to do right. About the 23d April these "tickets" were issued in part payment for cotton picking. The objection to them was that they were "good" only at stores kept by cotton agents whose prices for all articles nearly doubled *Beauford* prices, which are not considered very *cheap*, to say the least. By my oath of allegiance, I promised to do all in my power to promote the best good of the negroes and I shall be false to my oath if I did not seek to prevent such extortion.

14th May Wednesday. Assorting clothing all day, very tired, and retire early.

15th. Drove to the Baptist church and gathered moss from those grand old oaks that overhang church and graveyard. The superb magnolia is in bloom; I gathered one by the roadside and it scents the air all around. How I wish Maria could see one of these trees full with its magnificent white flowers 6 inches in diameter and so purely white like the *Cornus* which is never out of flower. The ride did me good and I returned ready to go on with my day's duties. Found Col[onel] Reynolds and Suydam. Col[onel] very graciously offered the *Flora* to take us to Edisto, *also* offered to examine *Whitings trade* with negroes. Said Sec[retary] Chase told him complaints had been made of unjust charges. He knew nothing about any such but would enquire and if possible would have money returned. All over pay at Whiting's store should be refunded. Would I receive it and return to negroes? I said Mr. Whiting could better do it

as he only knew what sales *on account* had been made having made them all himself. Col[onel] argued that, inasmuch as Whiting's store and our store house had been broken into and robbed of a good deal of clothing it was only a "fair return" if the negroes upon this plantation had been charged such exorbitant prices. Inasmuch as there was no proof or even suspicion that our laborers committed the theft I did not consider his argument *very strong*.

16 May Friday. Busy packing boxes as usual. Will hurry them off because cotton house has been twice broken open and I do not think clothing very safe there.

17th May Saturday. Gen[eral] Saxton<sup>70</sup> not yet arrived yet a letter from Secretary Chase received 6th May informed me that the Port Royal contrabands and plantations had been put into his charge. Anxious to see him and decide whether he will wish me to remain and whether I wish to do so. Am greatly interested in these people and it is a gratification to me to hear them urge me to stay. Do they need me? Can I be useful? I am not quite sure of either and therefore hesitate. Mr. French came to pass the night here and preach tomorrow. He says he spoke with the Sec[retary] at Washington about me and he, Mr. French, advised my remaining and so does the present agent, Mr. Pierce. Will not decide till I see General Saxton.

18th May Sunday. Mr. French preached but I did not go to church. Went to the Quarters and read to the old and infirm who could not go to church.

19th Monday. Packed boxes and assorted clothing. Find but little time to visit and talk to the women, but do it as often as I can. They must give their houses and yards again a thorough cleaning to keep off fever and pestilence.

20 Tuesday. Mr. Zachos came with boat and oarsmen to take us to Paris Island, his home. A 2 hours run from here. Found it a charming location, near the Bay and only 6 miles from Hilton Head. Glad to look upon our good War ships once more. There they stand to guard Port Royal entrance and no Secesh will dare venture into the jaws of such monsters. Some negroes have come in with a gun boat (Planter) from Charleston, which they very admirably managed to steal from their masters and bring over with their families from C[harleston]. Boat

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<sup>70</sup> Brig. Genl. Rufus Saxton.

prized at some 60.000 dollars. It is thought the negroes will have the prize money. Hope they will. Spent 3 hours with Mr. Zachos and Mr. Ellery, dined, and ways and means were provided to take us home. Mr. Pierce and Mr. Eustis had saddle horses. An old open wagon very insecure was attached by means of ropes etc. to an old horse, which Miss T[owne] offered to drive if I would venture. We seated ourselves but no room being left for Zachos we took leave of him. A negro boy clung behind the wagon to open gates and be ready in case of break down, which was confidently anticipated by Zachos, but as he had nothing better for us we were willing to try his *best*. Thus we set forth and Miss T[owne] took the lines while I took the whip, which had very short handle and very long lash. My first effort broke the stick which was only a dead tree branch. After this accident I tried in vain to use the lash. Sesesh horse knew it and would not budge out of a walk. For 3 miles we travelled over cotton fields and blackberry beds—acres of deliciously large ripe fruit tempted but not once did we stop because our *out riders* were impatient and galloped on before us, most ungallant, indeed. Arrived at last at Fuller's plantation; we found a crowd of ragged women and naked children awaiting us and a set of oarsmen and boat ready to take us home. Two hours row against the tide brought us at sunset to our home. A day of pleasure to me though no shark would show himself in the creek or alligator upon bank and we saw no moccasin or rattlesnake in wood or reed field or marshy Island. I had my kerchief filled with eggs which the women brought as gifts to us. This is their fashion—wherever we go they insist on giving one or more nice fresh eggs. I always regret it if I do not take thread, needles etc. to return gift for gift, though they refuse *pay* for their eggs.

21st May Wednesday. Visit from my old friend Wm. Dennis in command of Coast Survey schooner. Haven't met for 7 years, very glad to see my Washington friend.

22 May Thursday. Drove to Phrogmore. Brother Joseph's classmate, Mr. Soule,<sup>71</sup> superintendent. Saw Jane and found her house looking nice as herself. Came home laden with eggs.

23 Friday. Col[onel] Cunningham, Paymaster on Wabash came to pass the night with his friend Mr. Pierce. Is South

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<sup>71</sup> Richard Soule of the Boston Commission.



Carolinian and born in Charleston. Our waiting woman, Rhina, says her father was coachman to his father. Col[onel] very agreeable, is friend of Charles Sumner's. Gave me card and offered civilities cordially, but I fear his offer to take us to Charleston when sesesh is driven out, and secure for us the best house, will hardly be accepted. Can I wonder that, though loyal to our flag, he should feel tenderly toward his birth-place and childhood's home?

24 Saturday. Sent off last box, packed for some days and in this waiting time have tried to do up several long neglected things, writing, etc.

25 Sunday. Easterly storm, cold and seems like New England. I enjoy it immensely, will quite set me up. Went to church but so few the regular service was omitted. Except Welles<sup>72</sup> no one there but those our carriage took along, Mrs. H.<sup>73</sup> and myself, coachman and 6 *hangers on*.

26 May. Cool and cloudy—wanted to go to Beauford but Mr. P[ierce] so disagreeable about the horses I would not accept them. . . .

27 Tuesday. Think so seriously of leaving that I had pen in hand last night to ask Gen[eral] Benham to secure state-room for me on next steamer. Will not remain here if Whittings stay. Drove to Hazles in morning found neglected houses and cotton agent goods at exorbitant prices. 3½ yds calico for \$1.50, coarse shirting ⅞ wide 16 cts yd. Drove to Churches in the evening but did not much enjoy ride—too crowded—will not go again unless object more tempting.

28 Wed. Sewing all day and teaching Jane; she can read easy lesson, write a little and add simple numbers. She is a disagreeable child and I keep her only with hope of being useful to her.

29 Thursday. Mr. Ruggles came with barrel of molasses and we distributed a quart to each family adding extra pint for several children. Very amusing to watch the children stealing a *lick* at the stopper. A pleasant frolic. The people glad always to get "swetnin"; have had so little since sesesh left. Mail in with letters from Sec. Chase for me and one of introduction to Gen. Saxton—a nice letter and may decide me to stay if Whiting

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<sup>72</sup> G. M. Welles, Supt. of Plantations.

<sup>73</sup> Probably Mrs. Edward Hooper.

leaves the Oaks. Should not be willing to see him continue his abominations with no one to protest. . . .

30 Friday. Distributed salt to the negroes about a quart to a family.

Sat. 31. Distributed salt to each family instead of drive to Jenkins' plantation.

Sunday 1st June. Probably my last Sunday at St. Helena. Went to church. Rev. Mr. Horton, Baptist, preached about Jacob's well that was cut in solid rock. Wesley says "cleanliness is next to godliness". Mr. Horton enforced external and internal application of water. Spoke well. Special agent Pierce made a short address and people said goodbyes, etc. Quite affecting. I sat by window, from which a beautiful picture attracted my admiration. A magnificent live oak extended its wide-spreading branches with long grey pendants of moss, as if to embrace the sacred graveyard and hold it in its deep shade, impenetrable to the burning sunbeams glancing around. White marble monuments dotted here and there, beautifully contrasting with the living shining green all around. A delicate black iron railing protected the hallowed spot. In the background, amid the luxuriance of summer foliage, stood a horse whose outlines occasionally revealed through the waning foliage, lent life to the scene. On the other side and nearer, stood a saddle only—the animal almost invisible among the thick foliage. The grey moss like death banners floating in the breeze seemed fit hanging for this consecrated spot. In front of the grave yard fence a group of God's images cut in ebony, reclined carelessly but artistically grouped. The Great Master must have arranged them. Girls, and young mothers with infants in arms, arrayed in Sunday finery, some in white, some in pink and scarlet, sat among the tall green grass, with handsome black and yellow profile or full face defined upon the white obelisk or lighted by contrast as head rested against the shaft. Ivory teeth *told* in this tableaux vivant, and merry voices born on breeze, sometimes higher than the preachers, gave evidence of joy in this Sunday holiday, such as the Old World peasantry find in what in our land is too much called "The Sabbath" with accompanying restrictions.

Why should they not be happy? If they came to worship *in church*, they found it filled full and running over, and very naturally the young people sat down together in the shade for a

little innocent rest and gossip. Doubtless some amusing relation of week a day's experience might have elicited the laugh, which I enjoyed while I missed nothing the preacher said.

Monday 2d June. Ericsson in with a small mail. Saxton ordered to Harper's Ferry to re-inforce Banks. Will not come here at all, as special agent thinks. I do not like this and consult my oracle, Mr. Eustis. Ask him to advise me as a friend. shall I go or stay? I have some personal annoyances that make me desirous to be out of present surroundings, still I would bear with all manner of disagreeables if the consciousness of great usefulness sustained me. I do not mention annoyances but ask what are Mr. Eustis's views of the good of women here in existing circumstances.

Mr. Eustis says he has made his home for years in this region and he thinks the summer heat will prevent any exertion. Women, instead of doing anything will themselves be a care. Since the port has become free, by removal of the blockade, notwithstanding the stringent circular per Treasury Department, St. Helena will be subject to marauders from trading vessels. There is no protection and no power to give it. The troops are needed elsewhere and it is not probable that Government will keep sufficient force to guard the Island from depredators, who will come to forage. Even if soldiers should be stationed there, would not their influences be a dread and terror? The presence of two or three women would be no restraint for Beauford, with all its protection, has become subject to all manner of evil influences flowing from the presence of encamped soldiers. This is one phase. The question of possibility of remaining is another. Mr. Eustis thinks the health question will decide the ladies to leave St. Helena for some more healthful locality, Beauford or the village. The former is for me *impossible* and I do not wish an idle July and August at the desolate village. I should die of ennui. What then? Go north and see how things are in the autumn.

I am not prepared to accept this as my life work—doubt my vocation for it and do not feel a drawing toward it unless I can have such position and power as will justify my undertaking something beyond present duties. I do not wish to take the responsibility of the Clothing Department. I do not feel that I should satisfactorily fill the post of teacher, which I hold to be



of first importance. There are duties I will not mention that I consider important and which, in all candor, I might undertake under different circumstances. Do not think I shall, but, nous verrons. I would not stand in the way of usefulness, perhaps far greater than I can render and so I will withdraw from certain conditions I am not willing to accept. I was unwise in accepting any responsibility in coming here and I will not continue to act against my better judgment.

Tuesday 3d June. Ask Mr. Pierce to secure State-room and passage north.

Wednesday. Decided at last "with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain" as the mourning spouse said when announcing the death of her husband.

Thursday 5th June. Hurried to Beauford because Ericsson reported to sail to day or tomorrow and passengers must be ready. Dr. Peck and daughter and Miss Needham going. Advised to stay at Dr. Peck's till the steamer sails. *Hate* to intrude but what can I do? They kindly say stay but gentlemen must be disturbed if I do. Brought no mattress and find none for me. Mr. Judd kindly procures one and I have sheets with me and army blanket. Will try to find candlestick and Miss Peck will spare me a wash basin. Begin life anew after having gradually established certain necessities at St. Helena.

Wonderful land this of the chivalry. Shall I ever leave it? I *cannot* again go through a parting scene so will not return to St. Helena, though Mr. Hooper came to say my room is all in order and urge my return to remain till Steamer sails.

Friday. Still no steamer. Ericsson ordered to Key West instead of returning north. Will wait with all patience with the Pecks.

Friday evening, 10 o'clock. Is all well? Somewhat doubtfully I retire.

Headquarters, Gen. Benham.

At 8 A. M. Mr. Judd<sup>74</sup> and Provost Marshal called . . . A few moments after signal lights were exchanged between Beauford and . . . [blank] immediately the long . . . [blank] sounded alarm of an attack and in a few more moments the orderly rushed in saying rebels were in Beauford. Nothing remained for us but escape. I went to my

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<sup>74</sup> Supt. of Port Royal Island.

room and made clean toilette and packed trunk and valise for flight. This done I learned that we were safe till morning and was advised to retire and sleep till morning in security. I tried in vain to sleep for all night was hurrying to and fro and riding with hot haste. The steamer Potomac came along opposite my window to receive provision and ammunition and guns for our troops at Store. Early morning found me early prepared for what might be in waiting. A messenger came to say the ladies must go on board Potomac for Hilton Head, where they would be safe, and the men must all repair to the Arsenal for arms and prepare to defend Beauford. Already 3000 rebels had landed on Ladies Island! A wagon drew up to receive trunks and baggage generally and 3 minutes given for all to be on board. We hastily weighed anchor and off steaming and blowing in the bright sunshine with thermometer 79! An hour brought us to the view of our grand protection ship Wabash, where gallant Commander Dupont promises us safety if within range of his guns. A few moments more and we are at Hilton Head where we find orders from Gen[eral] Hunter to proceed to his Head Quarters and wait till a place of safety can be found for us. Trunks and boxes are hurried off for Potomac must return to Beauford with troops to re-inforce our braves left there. I came to Gen. Benham's head quarters by courtesy of his aid Capt[ain] Ely, and because the Gen[eral] is my old friend. At his table I now write these

[Here the Journal abruptly ends.]

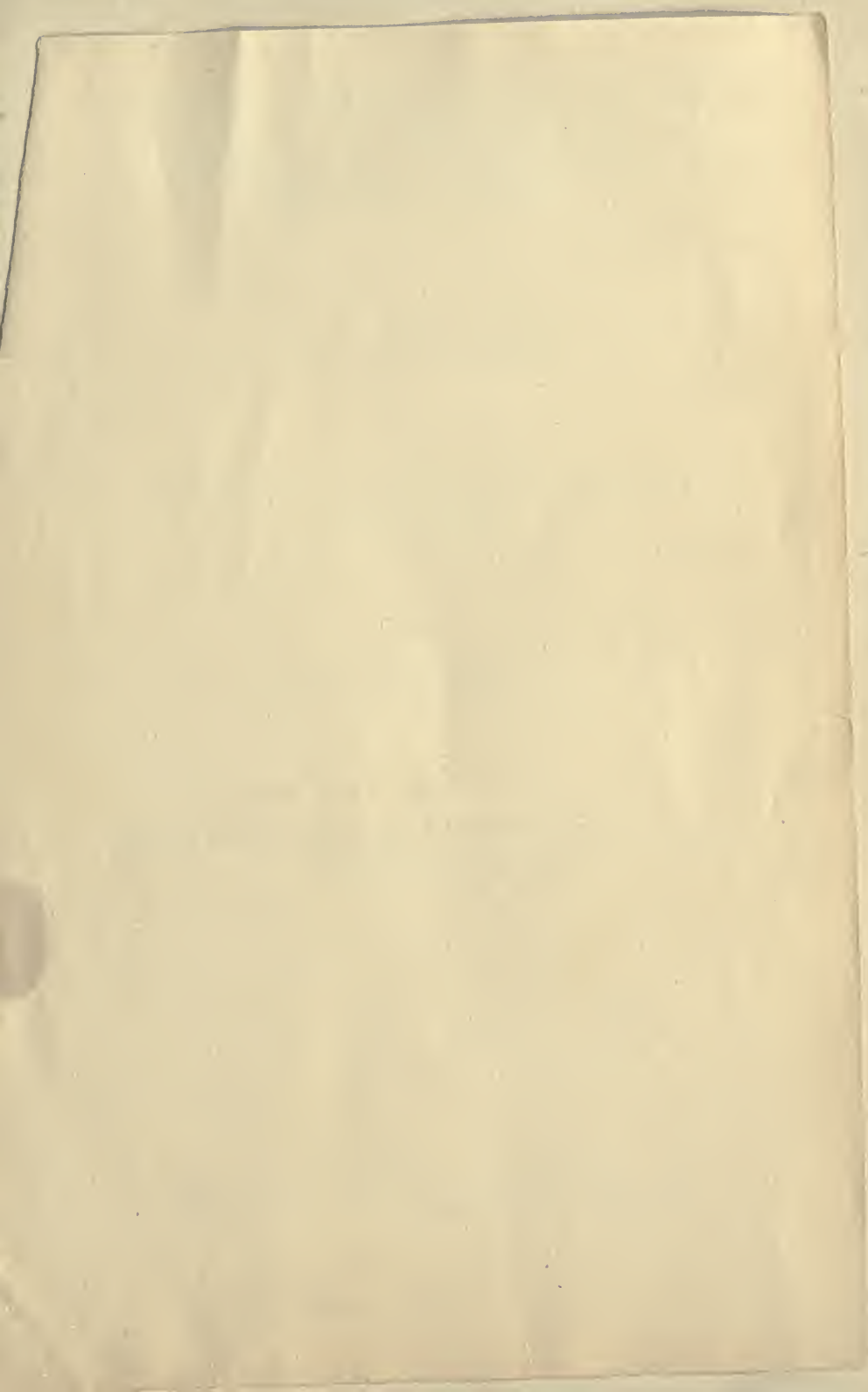
COPY OF LIST OF NAMES OF ALL PERSONS, APPROVED BY  
MR. PIERCE, WHO WENT DOWN TO PORT ROYAL, IN THE  
ATLANTIC, LEAVING NEW YORK MARCH 3<sup>d</sup> [1862].

- |                                 |   |   |
|---------------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Edward W. Hooper.....        | " | " |
| 2. Edward S. Philbrick.....     | " | " |
| 3. William C. Gannett.....      | " | " |
| 4. George H. Blake.....         | " | " |
| 5. John C. Zachos.....          | " | " |
| 6. Dr. A. Judson Wakefield..... | " | " |
| 7. James F. Sisson.....         | " | " |
| 8. Isaac W. Cole.....           | " | " |
| 9. James W. R. Hill.....        | " | " |
| 10. James H. Palmer.....        | " | " |
| 11. David F. Thorpe.....        | " | " |
| 12. David Mack .....            | " | " |
| 13. T. Edwin Ruggles.....       | " | " |

14.	James M. F. Howard.....	"Educational commission."	
15.	Francis E. Barnard.....	"	"
16.	Dr. James Waldock.....	"	"
17.	Richard Soule, Sr.....	"	"
18.	Leonard Wesson .....	"	"
19.	Dr. Charles H. Brown.....	"	"
20.	William E. Park.....	"	"
21.	James E. Taylor.....	"	"
22.	Frederick A. Eustis.....	"	"
23.	Daniel Bowe .....	"	"
24.	William S. Clark.....	"	"
25.	Samuel D. Phillips.....	"	"
26.	Rev <sup>d</sup> Mansfield French.....	N. Y. Society.	
27.	Nathan R. Johnson.....	"	"
28.	Rev <sup>d</sup> Isaac W. Brinkerhoff.....	"	"
29.	George B. Peck.....	"	"
30.	Edmund Price .....	"	"
31.	John D. Lathrop.....	"	"
32.	Drury F. Cooper.....	"	"
33.	Robert N. Smith.....	"	"
34.	Henry A. Cowderry.....	"	"
35.	Dr. James P. Greves.....	"	"
36.	John T. Ashley.....	"	"
37.	George C. Fox.....	"	"
38.	John H. Brown.....	"	"
39.	Lyman Knowlton .....	"	"
40.	Albert Bellamy .....	"	"
41.	Ninian Niven .....	"	"
42.	Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hale.....	Boston Society.	
43.	Miss Mena Hale.....	"	"
44.	Miss Mary Waldock.....	"	"
45.	Miss Ellen H. Winsor.....	"	"
46.	Miss Hannah Curtis.....	N. Y. Society.	
47.	Miss Mary Nicholson.....	"	"
48.	Mrs. James Harlan.....	"	"
49.	Mrs. A. M. French.....	"	"
50.	Miss Ellen H. Peck.....	"	"
51.	Miss Susan Walker .....	Secy Chase.	
52.	Mrs. Walter R. Johnson.....	"	"
53.	Miss Mary A. Donaldson.....	"	"

[The above list is attached to the Journal.]











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